439 Yokuts baskets in exchange. There was an under-
648 current of hostility between the Monachi and the Yokuts and these traders were often accompanied by Waksachi or Patwisha as an assurance of cordial reception. They never went farther west than to the Gawia and Yokod, and four days to a week would be the extent of their stay. Women as well as men came on these trading trips, and occasionally one would stay the winter, acquire a man if she could, but return to the eastern side of the mountains the following year.[139] The Wukchumni and other foothill Yokuts did not go across the Sierra Nevada to trade. After the intrusion of white settlers the eastern side of the mountains was used as a refuge by Yokuts in flight from white persecution.

101 The Western Mono tribes northeast of the Waksachi, the Entimbich and Wobonuch, were merely called "easterners" or "uplanders" (nuta´) by the Wukchumni, while the Wechihit, Choinimni, and others on Kings River were called "northerners" (hoisa´´ima). All tribes south of the Yaudanchi, i.e., at Tule River and southward, were called "southerners" (humt‹´n:n).

Wukchumni Villages

124 I was not able to secure anything comparable to a census for any Wukchumni village, as only a remnant population was left even in the childhood of my informants. Certain families and persons are well remembered and repeatedly referred to by all informants. Such data as I have follow. That given by J.B. may serve as an example of all such seed-gathering expeditions.

361 There were three major Wukchumni settlements: Diapnuša, Gutsnumi, and Hoganu, in order of their respective importance (Local Map B, nos. 33, 19, and 29). The most promi-
622 nent chief about 1870-1890 was Muṭo´ñi,[140] who had headquarters at Diapnuša, but who had a ménagé at Hoganu where his son Bise´ti and daughter Wa´ohot were born and raised. One of the winatums at Diapnuša was Po´koi, J.B.'s father. When late spring (ko´toi tiša´myu) came, people thought of going to gather seeds. This would
221 be about May after the Snake Ritual had been
166 held. The chief decided when to move; he would call Pokoi and tell him to announce the moving.[141]
621 It was not necessary that all families go at exactly the same time, nor did they have to wait until the chief himself set out. But all

[186 837]

[139] While M.L. spoke scornfully of these lingerers, she denied that they were prostitutes. Casual cohabitation was a commonplace of Yokuts culture: men came and went, enjoying temporary domesticity.

[140] Consistently pronounced matsu´ñi by J.B.

[141] In two myths recorded by Dr. Newman a description of this seed-gathering move serves as a prologue (cf., Gayton and Newman, 1, 89).

221
166
621
the families in Diapnuša would move within about two weeks of each other. They went in groups: some were related families, others just bound by friendship. Infirm people did not go, being left with food and occasionally visited. The summer encampment lasted until late summer or early fall (wusa´o), the villagers returning in time to prepare for the Annual Mourning Ceremony. Following on that was the season of acorn gathering.

[888]

J.B.'s family went with a group of other families to Šiye´du, a seed-gathering camp near the present site of Moffett (no. 39), a distance of about four miles. It was near Yokod territory. The original source of the water there now, unless a spring, was not known to J.B., for even in his childhood an irrigation ditch flowed near by. Referring to their own house there, J.B. said his "father put up the frame while [his] mother made and tied on the grass skirt. No one helped with this; everybody made his own house." Necessary and valuable belongings were taken along. The women of the camp kept mortars buried there as no bedrock was available.

[131]
[312]
[342]
[412]

There were six houses at Šiyedu, all of the conical, grass-thatched type, of sound construction so that they were merely repaired from year to year. Two of them later were permanently occupied by two men who worked on a neighboring ranch [Hangton's?]. There was no special arrangement in the location of the dwellings.

342
592
621

The house occupants were:

1. The chief, Muṭoñi (J.B.'s father's sister's husband); Waohet (Muṭoñi's daughter) and her husband Ya´ni (J.B.'s half-brother through marriage [does he mean brother-in-law because it is a cousin's husband ?]). Yani and Waohet later lived there permanently.
2. The winatum, Pokoi (J.B.'s father), his wife Mo´muč (J.B.'s mother), To´p:no (J.B. himself), and Kiwi´ya (J.B.'s half-brother) "when he wasn't working."
3. Ka´oses (J.B.'s mother's sister's son) and his wife Po´o´tso (a Yaudanchi, Camčusan's daughter). They had no children.
4. Pono´to (Bill Garfield), his wife Huisa´na, and their son Wi´aleče (Sam Garfield). Other children not known to J.B. These people were not related to any of the families mentioned above.
5. It:mwi´´iyu (a Wukchumni-Patwisha) and his Patwisha wife (name not recalled).
6. Wati´sti (a Bankalachi shaman), his mother Poi´´i:n[342] (also Bankalachi), his Yaudanchi wife (name not recalled), and her son Camu´ma (Charlie, of a Yaudanchi father).

J.B. said that for all there were only these six families at Šiyedu in his youth, in his father's time there were many, many more.

---

[342] Consistently pronounced Bo´wiyan by J.B.

756 It is to be noted that the infamous shaman Watisti and his mother were among those at Šiyedu. J.B. said "they danced the kam [watiyod] there whenever they wanted to make [535] money or the tia'a asked them to." Bill Garfield sang for them. (See "Pleasure Dances" for an account of this entertainment.) No other dance or ritual was ever given at summer camps. J.B. said that they all returned to Diapnuša for the big mourning ceremony, that there visitors could be accommodated and the location was secluded from encroaching whites. [177] Even in J.B.'s time at Šiyedu "there was no place to pasture horses; all the land was taken up by whites."

621 Of the village of Hoganu, J.B. could recall only three families. The chief there was 592 Bise´ti, who was Muṭoñi's son by a woman named Uyu´tskulu. He later married M.L. but the couple continued to live with Biseti's mother because "his father had gone to live with another woman." In another house lived an old man named Ču and his Wukchumni-Patwisha wife, Šu´pač.

A daughter of Mutoñi, Lottie, by yet another woman (a Waksachi and half-sister of B.O.; she had eagle poša like Muṭoñi) also lived at Hoganu. L. said that another named Gaču´na was a contemporary chief with Muṭoñi. The winatum at Hoganu was a Gawia named Wa´lai; his wife too was a winatum, a Yaudanchi named O´mo. L. said they had no children "because Omo ate too much meat." (L. herself moved up to Dunlap when she married an Entimbich; her second husband was a Pitanisha [Tübatulabal].)

In Antelope Valley lived a chief named Sodo´nto, who married J.P.'s grandmother. Another chief, Ke´w.č (John Davis) lived there, and in a third house were relatives of Jim Wilcox. This little hamlet was called Wo´kano. Later Walai moved out there; and this chief Sodonto may indeed be the chief Sodono who previously lived at Diapnuša.

At Gutsnumi M.L.'s mother, mother's sister, female parallel cousin (called elder sister), her older brother, and her maternal grandmother all lived in one house. When her father was alive, her parents, brother, and self lived in a house of their own. Her father's mother, [361] father's brother, and father's sisters all lived at Gutsnumi too, in various establishments. M.L. said that often "uncles, brothers, or cousins, would build their houses close together." M.L. said that they lived at Gutsnumi ● 166 during the winter, but in summer went on seed-222 gathering trips towards the plains. They would 423 stop at Hoganu and Yokol. "Families did not have special places to hunt food, anyone went with anyone else just as they wished." [A slight exaggeration; M.L. herself said that women quarreled over their claims to berry and seed patches.] The Gawia did not care if the Wukchumni came down for seeds, and they would go up Wukchumni way for other kinds of seeds

[text continues on p. 59a]

166 222 423 and manzanita berries. The Wukchumni also went to Woodlake and Dry Creek for fish and freshwater oysters. The Wukchumni felt they had a slight edge on the claims to Woodlake. Red (grass) salt was got at Mencken Flat. During these summer trips old people stayed behind with a supply of food, and relatives would return occasionally to see them. An aged person who was on the brink of death would not be left alone; a close relative (mother, sister, or daughter) would remain. When the people came back, they all built new storehouses for their supplies. M.L. said that while she and her [224] female relatives gathered seeds, her brother went out every day to kill squirrels and [281] rabbits. These he skinned and dried to add to the winter food supply; the skins were cured and made into blankets.

Wukchumni, Gawia, Yokod, and Neighboring Sites

103 The following sites are shown on Local Map B (map 3); the information is from M.L., S.G., M.P., J.P., Tm.W., and S.O. Overlapping Waksachi territory in the Lime Kiln Creek region is shown in another map in Part II.

1. ye''itao: Gawia central village
2. sokoda'o: Gawia campsite
3. čed:pwi'ša: Redbank, so called because of its red earth; also called cida'pw:š
4. poanai'yu: Gawia campsite
5. had:ta'o: Gawia camped there in spring
6. pa''asi: Woodlake; the word for any lake or large pool; regarded as joint property of Wukchumni, Gawia, and Yokod
7. hai''yuhao
8. čaše'ša: rocky hill east of no. 7 (not positive)
9. waipau'ču
10. topo'ño: meaning "buckeye tree," a favorite Wukchumni campsite; present homesite of J.P.
11. sukai''yu: another campsite; present site of "Willow Gate" to J.P.'s place
12. dapa'o: meaning "cottonwood place"
13. wo'kano: Antelope Valley, little hamlet there
14. gutsču'm: Lime Kiln Creek
15. aiya'gu: a small sharp peak
16. opo'ñyu: Mencken Flat, a salt-gathering campsite
17. moi'yak: painted rock near no. 29
18. šono': a flat near the Kaweah River
19. gutsnu'mi: Terminus Beach; Wukchumni village site
20. toño'našu
21. čoiši'šyu: Bell Bluff; meaning "dog place," given also as čoi'šu; believed to be site of a shaman's cache, name refers to magic dog guardian
22. sanukwa'o: a Wukchumni hamlet
23. hotnu'nyu: a mixed Wukchumni-Patwisha village

[P. 175b] Kechayi Chuckchansi

796 668 [798] which was a large bead-trimmed basket. This basket "held the power" of the dancers, but had no curing power to revive persons who fell unconscious. The pole was not used at later [Kechayi] dances. This first dance was called ha'lo, but the term was not used thereafter.

[302 616] The dancers all used moiety paint patterns on their faces.

The affair continued five nights, and on the sixth day they danced all day and night. At this time Joijoi, with two men and three women, dressed and danced in a peculiar manner in an attempt to convince the assemblage that they were the returning dead. The hoax, though quickly discovered, was not resented. Nor was the nonappearance of the dead resented, thinks E.M.

After their return home a few dances were held in various villages.

CHUCKCHANSI

101 wehil: Grub Gulch, a village with a captain was there

103 č'ič'ani: Quartz Mountain

131 t'oxolo: a place east of Raymond, at the foot of the hills, on the Fresno River

kasowu: Friant (the locality or the people, Gashowu?)

nipnoaši: a Miwok site 3 or 4 miles north or east of Ahwahnee

101 131 The Chukchansi lived at Coarse Gold, Picayune, and as far west as Oakhurst; beyond that was another tribe. Everybody at Lulniu (Oakhurst) is now dead, said M.W. The Chukchansi people went as far north as Yosemite, Southern Miwok territory, said J.R., although none lived permanently north of the Fresno River, unless married to Miwok. Southward they went no farther than Friant, Gashowu territory. If they went to a place, they came directly home again, did not go traveling around. "They don't travel very much, very far. When people go after something, when they get it they come [152 straight home. They got home, here, this is 186] their home." (J.R. thus expressed the strong feeling for a home spot or locale manifest by other Yokuts. -- A.H.G.)

166 222 People would move around, perhaps two or three miles for the summer and come back for the winter. They went up in the mountains to get berries or seeds, always going to the same place on which they had a traditional claim. "When white people came they got everything mixed up."

For pine nuts, hazel nuts, and a superior type of elderberry people went far up into the mountains. This trip was made about August and camps were established, as entire families went.

164
222 For acorns the Chukchansi went north to Bass Lake, said N.W. While up there they always feared the approach of bears.

For seed-gathering they went down toward Madera to what is now the Dobie [adobe?] Ranch.

Expeditions to get basketry materials -- roots which did not grow abundantly in the hills -- were made to the lower Fresno River near Madera. Only women who knew how to make baskets would go, accompanied by their husbands and families. They stayed away from home about
[484] a month, camping along as they went. Enough food, such as acorn meal, cooked, uncooked, or even unleached, was taken, while the men hunted
[438] for meat food as they traveled. Both women and men dug the roots. Some of the materials brought back were sold to others.[80]

242
351 J.R. claims that when he was a boy the Indians throughout this region set fire to the brush after the seeds had been gathered (about July). The men started the fire and the women watched to see that it did not approach the houses. When it did, it was beaten out [with what?]. "It burned the hills, all over, clean through to the next one." The trees, which were green, did not ignite easily: however, "dead trees and logs were all cleaned up that way".[81] The tree covering of this country, J.R. says, was about as it is now, scattered bull pine, oak, etc., and in about the same quantity.

Communities

361
184 Related families usually built their houses in an informal group. These groups, consisting of perhaps three to five houses, would be three to five hundred feet apart, yet in toto the families regarded themselves as comprising a single village. [Such scattered house-groups were not unusual in the Northern Foothills, and "community" is perhaps a better term than "village," in distinction from the townlike villages of the Yokuts to the south.--A.H.G.]

---

[80] Today S.B. buys basketry materials from others, whereas L.U. said she would always prefer to get her own even when it is a hardship.

[174] [81] The aboriginality of this practice seems dubious. Getting firewood was sufficiently laborious for the Indians to discredit their deliberate destruction of "dead trees and logs." The practice is frequently attributed to early settlers, cattlemen, who wanted better forage for their stock, i.e., land free of underbrush, with improved grazing. On the other hand, there is evidence that shrub seeds, such as the Indians wanted, germinate better when subjected to scorching and it is possible the result was known to the natives and motivated the practice (vide Lester Rountree, Flowering Trees and Shrubs of California). Powers mentions aboriginal firing of the forest "all along the Sierra" (Tribes of California, 379). Dr. Kroeber informs me that firing of natural growth was practiced from Yosemite northward; perhaps this is about the southern limit of the custom. -- A.H.G.

592 There were three to five persons in a house, J.R. continued, depending entirely on the number and condition of the family members. An average home consisted of a man and wife and their children. If there was an adult dependent, such as a sister or older relative, they would provide a separate little house for her close by. A widow and her children, or a widower and his, might also comprise a discrete household.

221 M. lived here at Picayune in a native-type house when she was a little girl. People moved around as the seed crops needed harvesting. They left their houses, light as they were, at home and made temporary shelters whenever necessary for camping. There were bedrock [412] mortars wherever they went, all around; most of these are filled in through disuse, now.

When a family permanently left a house, for no objectionable reason, another family ● [166] might move into it. People moved by families; whole villages did not move en masse.

Warfare

721 It was J.R.'s opinion that there was little intertribal warfare in the Fresno River 648 region.

The Indians did not fight each other unless drunk. The only way they killed other Indians was if a witch doctor killed lots of people: then they would kill this doctor.

A big bunch of Chukchansi wouldn't go out and fight a bunch of Mono. Maybe they would kill one man at Northfork [Western Mono locality]. This man maybe had not done right by some [726] Indians there. Maybe some Indian from Coarse Gold [Chukchansi] wouldn't like him. They would lie in wait for him along his way and shoot him from ambush. That is the only way they killed one another up here. A Chukchansi would kill another Chukchansi this same way.

[847] J.R. thought that an abnormal infant, a monster, might be killed, but he regarded this 727 as hearsay. A person who was mortally wounded was not put out of his agony: his relatives took care of him as best they could until he died.

726 An account of an engagement and the ensuing negotiations between Indians of Fresno River and the encroaching whites refers to the same encounter described by the Dumna, Bill Wilson, that of the Mariposa Battalion in 1851. At the time, J.R. was a baby in his basket; later his mother told him about it.[a]

The last fight was down here about ten miles, on the Fresno River. It was a long way up from Raymond. The Indians from all around

---

[a] J.R. probably had not yet been born.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159
533
539

Wihlalitch sang over and over:

O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne
(I am supernatural)
O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne

Tim'-tim, the bat, heard Wihlalitch singing. He was jealous because he wanted to be Tripne, too. So he sang back:

O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
Nah-ah'-hah Trip-ih-ne

The song of *Tim-tim,* the bat, meant, "You are not magic. You are of the ground. I am magic. I am of the air."

YOIMUT'S STORY

YOKUTS LAKE LIFE

159
103
361
587

When I was about ten years old my mother married again. Her husband had relatives at *Waiu,* the village where Santa Rosa Rancheria is now near Armona, at the Tejon Ranch, and at Tule River Reservation. My mother did not want to stay at *Soo-lay-lahn'-ne* on the "Fish" Rice ranch any longer, so we all went over to Armona.

159
361

This was while the soldiers were at Visalia and the white people were having a big war. My stepfather's brother had two small horses and a little wagon. He worked for Mr. Rice for two or three years to buy them. He took us to Armona. We all stayed at Armona for about one month.

[578]

None of us liked it at Armona then. There were lots of *Tachi* there and we knew it was their place and that we did not belong there. So my stepfather and his brother took us to the lake to fish and camp for awhile.

159
166
361

We drove to the mouth of Cross Creek. There about six of us, my mother and stepfather, my brother *Weh'-pees,* myself, my stepfather's brother and an Indian who belonged at Armona. We camped at Cross Creek for a week. Then we moved around to the Buzzard's Roost. This was a real old *Chunut* village where my mother had once lived for a few months when she was first married. I am not sure about the name of this place, but it was either *Heuumne* (He-oo-um'-ne) or *Chuntow* (Choon'-tow). Both places were close together. I think it was Heuumne.

[103]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 This was a fine place to camp. I have been there since
166 and know it was close to the Artesia school house where the
361 steamboat used to land. The white people built a big canal right by the camp and Mr. Sweet had a slaughter house there the last time I was there.

There used to be a big village there, so my mother told me.
[342] When we went there we saw lots of old, tumble-down dirt houses. I never saw any other dirt houses. Two of those houses were good, so we put our things in them.

We had a fine time at this place and my mother and step-father decided to make a home there and stay there all of the time. There were lots of fish in the creek and the lake was right close, I think not more than a half mile away. The village had belonged to my father's people, so we thought we had a right to stay there.

[251] My step-father and his brother caught lots of fish and we dried the meat. We fixed up the two dirt houses so we could live in them and we all felt as happy as could be. There were no other Indians there but the ones I told about.

159 We were at the camp about three months, until summer
166 was almost over. Then some men came along gathering cattle.
648 It was Pat Murray from Porterville and some of his vaqueros. He camped there for two or three days.

Pat Murray was mad at us. He told us we would have to get out and stay out. There was a Tule River Indian with Murray. He was a vaquero. He told us that Murray would kill us if we did not get out. He said that Murray was afraid we would kill his cattle.

We had not killed any of the cattle. There were lots of them around the Buzzard's Roost, but we had not killed even a calf. We would never kill them.

We felt very bad about this. Murray went away and we stayed about one week more. We felt so bad we did not talk to each other for two or three days. Then my step-father talked. He had been out fishing with his brother and when he came in he said they had decided to go to the Tejon ranch where some of his people lived.

I have always been sorry that we left Heuumne, because Mr. Blankenship told us afterward that we did not have to leave. He said that Pat Murray had no right to run us off. He did not own that place. Mr. Blankenship said that we should

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

have gone to see Mr. Crossmore, who had the right to that place. But we never knew it then, so we left.

The three men and my mother had worked about a week making a tule boat to fish from. We children had helped by carrying tules. It was a real good boat. They had fished from it a lot. The boat was about twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. It was made of tules like the old-time Indians used to make them. They made it on the ground at the edge of the water. We called it *Tutoi* (too'-toi).

The tules were just tied into small bundles as long as the boat and about six inches through at the middle. The ends were pointed. A lot of these tule bundles were tied together. They made a big boat about three feet high. I think it took about twenty small bundles.

An extra bundle was tied along the top on each side so things would not lose off of the boat. The ends of the tule boat were higher than the middle.

In the middle of the boat a hole was made to spear fish through. It was a small hole about a foot across. We called it *kot-la'-um*. At the front end of the boat was a hole where they put the fish and ducks they caught out on the lake. It was about three feet square and a half foot deep. The men used to bring this place in full of fish and ducks. This hole was lined with tules woven together like a basket. We called it *traw-trawk'-oi*.

At the back end of the boat was another hole filled with mud. They built a fire on this mud and cooked fish and ducks while they were out on the lake. We called the fireplace *tri-ahn'-cut*.

Sometimes they stayed out on the lake fishing for three or four days. When they stayed out a long time on the raft they used to cut the fish open and smoke them over the fire and lay them on the raft to dry. When they came in the fish were almost dried. They used to cut the meat off the ducks and dry it the same way. They used long poles to move the raft around. We called these poles *iyahish* (i-yah'-ish).

When they came in with the boat we would all help to pull it up on the bank to dry out. When it would dry out it was very light. This boat carried all of us very easily. I think it would have taken that many more people.

Finally my stepfather changed his mind. He decided to go across the lake on the boat to *Chaw-lo'-win* on Atwell's Island.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159
166 Some *Wowol* Indians at Armona told us that some Wowol were
484 living again on Atwell's Island. So we were going to them
361 across the lake on our boat.

If we went around with the team we had to leave our boat
159 and take the Tachi Indian home. So my step-father's brother
166 took the Tachi home and then took the team and wagon around
484 to the mouth of Deer Creek, where we were to meet him about a week later.

I remember that we got ready to go and then my step-father waited two or three days for the north wind to blow. He wanted to go straight across the lake and our poles were too short to push the boat across the deep water. My step-father's brother took most of our camp things in the wagon. We had a light load on the boat, only a few blankets and some lunch. We could catch fish and ducks along the way and cook them on the boat. When the ducks saw some tules like a boat out on the lake they always flew down and landed on the water beside it. They thought that where there were tules the water was not deep and they could dive to the bottom and feed. While they [223] were diving it was easy to hide under the tules and shoot them with bow and arrows.

One afternoon we could see a dust cloud in the north and west, so we pushed the tule boat into the water and put our things on it. My stepfather and mother pushed the boat out into the lake with their poles and we all four started.

159 The boat was covered high with dry tules. It did not look
166 like a boat at all. The wind blew against the tules and carried
484 us right in the direction we wanted to go. The tules were like
501 the sails you white people used on the lake afterward, but we did not put up any poles to hold them. They were just piled up high on the front end of the boat so that end would go ahead.

I think we must have left Heuumne about two o'clock in the afternoon. The boat went fast and took us by the east side of the lake, close to the tules. We could reach the bottom with our poles all of the time. By dark the wind was blowing the hardest we had ever seen it on the lake. The waves were higher than the sides of the boat and we were all afraid. I remember that the front end of the boat kept going under the water. My step-father put all of us on the back end of the boat but that did not stop it. We moved a lot of the tules on the back end. But then the boat turned around in the water and almost tipped over when it was crossways.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Soon it was dark and we were all cold and wet. It was just as wet on the boat as if we were in the lake. We could all swim, but we were afraid all of the time, because the water was about seven feet deep and the rough water would drown us if we fell in it. So we stayed awake all night and shivered and held on to each other.

When it got daylight we could not see the land in any way. We could see the Kettleman Hills and the Sierra, but we were away out in the middle of the lake. The water was too deep to reach bottom with our poles. The wind was all gone, so we had to wait.

We stayed out there all day. It looked like we stood right still. I guess we did. There were lots of fish under the boat. My stepfather speared lots of nice ones. We could look down through kotlaum, the spearing hole, and see nothing but fish.

It was hot in the daytime, so we all got dry and warm. We made a fire and cooked fish, using the loose dry tules to burn. We were not hungry and we were not afraid any more, but we did not see how we were ever going to get to land. We stayed there all of that day and that night. It was a nice moonlight night and very pretty on the water. My mother told stories and sang for us almost all night and we had a good time.

When it came daylight again we could just see the tules on Chawlowin. But the tule boat looked like it was just standing still. My stepfather could just reach the bottom with our longest pole. We stayed out there all day again, and we got pretty tired of it. By dark my stepfather and my mother could use the poles on the bottom and they worked almost all night pushing the raft toward Chawlowin. By daylight we could see the land about a half mile away. Almost as soon as we could see, a heavy wind started up and in a few minutes the boat hit the bottom about one hundred yards from the tules.

Before we could get off the boat three or four men waded out to meet us. One of them was my mother's brother. We were very glad to see him. The men helped us to the shore and then they began to push the boat around to the west where they had a camp. It took all the rest of the day to get it around there.

We walked along the lake to the camp through a narrow trail in the high tules. Sometimes the water came up to our knees. The north wind was blowing hard again and that made the water come in on the land.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

136
159
226 low in the creek. We called it *caw'-cuts*. White people call it sturgeon.

While we were at Chawlowin some white men put cattle
159 on the island. The water was low and they drove them across
648 from the east. There were hogs there already, but they were wild. As soon as the white people found out we were there we began to have trouble. The tules were getting dry and we were afraid the white people would burn us out. So we all left. My mother and stepfather took us to Tejon Ranch. We went in his brother's little wagon.

YOIMUT'S STORY
OUR LAST HOME

159
361
166 From *Chaw-lo'-win*, where Alpaugh is now, we went to the Indian camp above the Tejon Ranch house. There were about two hundred Indians there. Some of them were *Wowol* (Wo'-wol) and two *Chumut* (Choo'-noot) who were related to my mother.

159
648
166 My mother had been at Tejon Ranch when she was first married. It was before the soldiers took her from Tulare Lake to the Fresno River Reservation. She was at Tejon about six months, I think. It was called Fort Tejon then. It was not up in the canyon where the Indians are now, or in Grapevine Canyon where the Los Angeles highway is now. It was about three or four miles west of the ranch house, on a creek below the hills.

The soldiers lived in tents close to the Indians. I am sure of this. My mother showed me the place and told me all about it. That is the place they called Fort Tejon then. It was not up in the mountains. The Indians raised some crops of wheat there close to the hills.

When I was at Tejon Ranch we stayed up in the canyon.
578
197 My stepfather worked on the Tejon Ranch for a while, but none of us liked it there. The Indians there did not talk our language.

There were more of our people at Tule River Reservation, so we decided to go there. The people at Tejon Ranch wanted the Indians to go to Tule River. Some went before we did. We drove along the foothills in the same little wagon we had brought from the Armona village.

My mother and some of the other Indians told me about the old *Tulamni* (Too-lahm'-ne) village at the end of the hills by the west side of Buena Vista Lake. The Indians had lots of fights with the Spanish there.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

An old Tulamni Indian named *Ko'-ko* was living at Tule River while we were there. He was a real old man when I was a little girl. He could see only a little. He liked to tell about the old times. He told us many stories about the old timers, but I have forgotten most of them. Koko told us that the Spanish killed lots of Indians in the tules at Tulamni. A long time after the Spanish left they kept finding dead Indians out in the tules.

Sahkehel (Sah-ke'-heel) was another old Tulamni Indian who lived at Tule River. I knew him very well. He was at Tulamni when the Spanish came. He fought against them. He said that the old Tulamni chief sent as far as the Tule River to get Indians to come and help fight the Spanish. They had several battles and the priests came and stopped the fighting. They said that the Spanish and the Indians must be friends. Then they took lots of the Indians to the Missions. Sahkehel was taken to Mission Santa Ynez and lived with a lot of Santa Barbara Indians. Then he went to Mission San Fernando. He was about sixteen years old.

Sahkehel did not call the old place *Too-lahm-ne-oo'*, like you white people call it.. He called it just *Too-lahm'-ne*. He called those Indians *Too-lahl-me'-nah*. That meant "from Tulamni".

I knew Sahkehel until he died, when he was more than 100 years old and heard him tell these things again after I was married. He told me that he was at Los Angeles two years and that the Indians called that place *Yah'-now*.

Sahkehel told us that the Indian name for San Fernando was *Wy-seel*, which meant running. After he was grown he came to the Tejon ranch to work for General Beale. He worked there a long time. He was a *Capitan* (Kop-e-tahn') among the Indians for General Beale. The Indians called him *General* (Hen-er-ahl'). The lady that Sahkehel married was from Tulamni, too. She had been taken to Mission San Miguel and was baptized Marcelina. Her Indian name was *He-aw'-mut*. I knew her a long time. She told me the same things about the Indian battles at Tulamni.

At Tule River we lived just a little way above the Reservation headquarters. There were lots of our people there. We liked it there and stayed for about two years. Then we went back to Sulawlahne at the "Fish" Rice ranch south of Farmersville. There were only a few Indians there. Some of them worked for "Fish" Rice. We stayed there until I was about

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 166 361 fourteen years old. Then my stepfather took us back to Kings River.

While we were at the "Fish" Rice ranch the last time, I helped the Indians there catch some antelopes. It was the last time they ever caught antelopes that way. We held the *Tahduwusk* (Tah'-doo-woosk) surround on Outside Creek 159 where the road now goes from Tulare to Lindsay. One or two 224 of our men went out in the field near the antelopes and lay down on their backs. They fastened pieces of cloth to their feet and kicked them in the air.

The antelopes ran 'round and 'round, looking at the cloths the two men were waving. Each time they came closer. While they did this our people came in from all ways and made an Indian fence around them. They came up close to the antelopes. Then the two men in the middle began shooting and killed about ten before we let them go.

159 One of our men did not get enough meat. His name was 224 *Wahcoy* (Wah'-coy). The next day he went back alone to kill 165 some antelopes for himself. He fixed an antelope skin with the head and horns on it and put it over his head and back. Wahcoy sneaked along the creek to a place where the antelopes came in to drink. Then he walked out on his hands and knees in the grass toward the antelopes.

Two white men were hid in the same creek about one hundred yards away. They were hunting antelopes, too. They saw the Indian. They thought he was an antelope and shot him. The man who shot him was Hi Willis. Hi Willis was a young man. He lived were the white people have Mooney Grove now. His father owned that ranch.

Hi Willis brought Wahcoy's body to our camp at Sulawlahne. Wahcoy lived with his father and mother right next to our house. He was shot through the chest below the right shoulder. He did not die right away when they shot him. He told them where to take him.

Some of the Indians thought that Hi Willis shot Wahcoy on purpose, but I think he thought Wahcoy was an antelope all right. It was easy to make that mistake. But our people decided not to hunt any more antelope. There was only a little bunch left out there anyway. The white people killed the rest of them.

159 The Indians at Sulawlahne called Elk Bayou *Traw'-it*. I 103 used to know the names for all of the creeks, but I have for-
361

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

gotten them. That village, *Che'-oo-tak,* I think was the one on Cameron Creek three or four miles north of Tulare, not south. I heard lots of times about an old place there, right close to where the railroad crosses now, but I am not sure about the name.

Finally we got tired of staying at "Fish" Rice ranch. We wanted to go back to Tulare Lake. We went back three or four times for visits when we could ask somebody to let us go on their land. But we never got a chance to stay there. Our good friends did not have any land on the lake.

We went over to Kings River and camped near the Ezra ranch. They were always good to us and we felt right to stay there.. We have lived along Kings River, at the Santa Rosa Rancheria, and on the ranches where we worked ever since.

My mother died, and I got married and now I live with my daughter. There are lots of things I forgot about how my people lived. I speak Spanish and English, Wowol and Chunut. Then I know *Tachi, Nutunutu, Wachikit, Wukchumne, Yaudanchi, Koyeti* and some others. So I have to forget some of my old Chunut things.

The Chunut had a story about how the world was made. I never knew all of it. I heard it lots of times, too. The world was all water at first. *Chukuko,* (Choo-koo'-ko) the diver duck, and *Trawm'-cawt,* the turtle, got the mud from the bottom of the water to make the world.

Chukuko tried to get the mud and Trawmcawt helped him. The mud was thrown around to make the world. *Ki'-yoo* (Coyote), *We-itch* (Condor) and *We-ha'-sit* (Mountain Lion) were about the first people made. That is about all I remember. I am sorry I forgot it.

We called the Milky Way *Yo-hote'-sool.* It is the white place in the sky made in a race between antelope and deer.

On Kern River a big mountain is split through. Once *Wahl'-wut* (Canvasback Duck) ran a race with *Lim'-ik* (Prairie Falcon). Limik cut right through the mountain and won the race.

When we saw red clouds at sunset we used to say that it would not rain the next day.

I forgot lots about the seeds and how the Indians fixed them. They made a tea from the mint which grew in the water and from the peppermint from the mountains. They also made tea from sycamore bark. They drank it and put it on sores.

105 to graduate from high school, nor have any of the Indians become tradesmen or artisans. The primary source of income for the group is wages derived from farm labor. This is one of the reasons for the fluctuating population; [166] frequent trips from Lemoore in search of work take families away for days or weeks. Frequent visits from other Indians also added to the picture of a [648] constantly shifting population. Working as farm laborers has thrown the Tachis in with Mexicans, as well as with other groups of Indians, and genealogies have become very complicated.

115 The singers were all older people with the exception of Clarence 533 Atwell, who was about thirty years old when the 1940 recordings were made. 756 He was certainly the most energetic and outstanding singer recorded. He had been a practicing doctor for a year before his death in 1940.

Leon Manuel was about 70 years old when the 1957 recordings were made. He was still active and, since he received a pension from the government, had a good deal of time to devote to making clapsticks and other paraphernalia. He knew a great number of songs and was a good singer, but he was not a doctor. Manuel was in good standing with the Tachis because [354] of his pension and because he knew some of the "old-time songs" and ways. The importance of knowing traditional songs here is somewhat analogous to the attitudes in the Peyote cults among the Washos:

> The most admired singers are the most influential Peyotists and the degree to which the Peyotist has found "the Way" through the "medicine" is demonstrated by his competence with the song, drum, and rattle...A large repertoire of songs is also the measure of the man. One who has been able to "catch" many songs is not doubt "living a good life, and the medicine is backing him." (Merrian and d'Azevedo, 1957. 618:19.)

I make the analogy here between the Tachi and the Washo because doctors have had to be good singers, both at the present time and in the past. This is not unusual in California; in general, it is necessary to know a large number of songs and to be able to sing them well in order to be a doctor in many areas of the state.

115 Josie Atwell, the mother of Clarence Atwell, came to the Tachi community 533 from Sanger, where there is a Wechihit Yokuts group. She was recorded in 1940 and again in 1957, and was in her eighties at the latter session.

Professor Kroeber's recordings of 1903 were made of a singer named Salt Lake Pete. Although the stories which he told are still known and remembered, not a single one of his songs is known today, neither the